



THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM OF THE FIRST MEAL OF THE DAY IS COFFEE

In order to build you up for the day's work should be stimulating — healthy tonic — leave it all to

SUNRISE COFFEE

Carefully selected, thoroughly cleaned and perfectly bleached, and being packed in air-tight cans, retains its goodness at the same time preventing the coffee absorbing the flavors of such as oil, fish, butter, etc.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. Roasted and Packed by

MINER, READ & GARRETTE,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

25¢ Packed in One Pound Sealed Cans

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Kindling and Split Hickory

Everybody uses kindling—let us put a load or so in your collar—and why not start the fire in the fireplace these brisk fall evenings? We've just the wood for the purpose.

Ready to fill your coal orders when you're ready to have us.

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.
421 HOUSATONIC AVENUE Telephone
Down Town Office
154 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

Try Sprague's Extra

ICE
COAL
WOOD

HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL
Sprague Ice & Coal Co
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge
Telephone 710

COAL and WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Telephone 461-6
BERKSHIRE MILLS.

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street
Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

ABSOLUTELY CLEAN COAL GUARANTEED
SCREENED BY A SPECIAL MACHINE
QUALITY UNSURPASSED

WHEELER & HOWES,
944 Main Street East End Congress Street Bridge

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

LUBBER LAST

By Grace H. Boutelle

EVER since they had come to Perkinsville De Peyster and his mother had failed to adjust their respective standards to a mutual harmony.

To begin with, it was spring. With the delicious odor of resinous smoke from the boughs that had banked the house assailing one's nostrils, who could resist joining the dancing silhouettes that circled the bonfire and daring one's fate by leaping across it in swaggering competition as the flames died down?

But she drew lurid pictures of his certain fate if he should repeat the offense. Blind defiance rose insurgent within him. He would go. And then all of a sudden he remembered what his father said and hung his head to think how those grave, kind eyes of his would look at him now.

"Take good care of mamma," he had said at the last. "You must be her big brother and never let her worry about you, she's so little and delicate." And then he had whispered over two or three times, "My pretty little wife, my dear little girl!"

And De Peyster had tried with all his might to remember. But often it did seem as if it would have been a little easier if she could have understood that one was disgraced if one did not keep neck and neck with "the other fellows" in every prank they played.

There was a long and weary period of dooryard discipline after this episode. There were a good many times when De Peyster had to clinch his fists as tight as he could and remember his father very hard.

By and by June came, quivering with gold green sunlight, perfumed with a universal blossoming and pungent with the joy of living. At this time every true joy thrills with the half realized rapture of it all and finds the fullest expression of his ecstasy in going swimming.

Every bright morning in some part of the town there was sure to be a group of boys toting a line, their necks bobbing eagerly forward and their bodies giving anticipatory jerks and twitches as they waited for the word. When the leader said "Go!" they darted forth, and there was a kaleidoscopic and dissolving view of legs racing madly down a side street that led to the river. Then collars came off, coats followed, as they ran with undiminished speed, the fellow who was farthest ahead sometimes slowing up with magnificent daring to get off his shoes and stockings while the others were still hampered by shirts and trousers, and by the time they tumbled in headlong competition over the bank the nimblest carried their entire wardrobe on their arms and flashed white into the water while the laggards fumbled at their shoe laces. The unfortunate who popped into the river, flushed and panting, after all the rest were in was greeted with taunting cries of: "Lubber last! Lubber last!"

De Peyster had never been told not to go in swimming. It had not occurred to his mother as among the list of his possible perils, as she was in blissful ignorance of the fact that "the other fellows" did it.

So it was with the thrilling exultance of the Greek runner that he set his toe on the line with the rest and hurled himself forward, head up and elbows in.

The first few rods it felt like flying. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Then a pair of legs flashed by him, and another and another. He gathered his strength and shot forward again, but another pair of legs went by, and another and another. They were tearing off their coats; they were stripping off their shirts. He felt at his collar, wrenched it off and fung it away, to have both hands free for his coat and shirt. They were almost at the bank now. He could see Micky Daly's white skin dangle in the sun as he took a splendid dive ahead of the rest. His own feet were growing heavy, and there was a mist before his eyes. The knot in his shoe lacing would not come untied. A savage rage filled him. If he could have cut off his foot to rid himself of the hampering shoe, he would scarcely have hesitated. You were ruled out if you went into the water with anything left on. As he struggled and perspired and agonized the two or three whom he had distanced leaped past him, and as he shook the shoe off at last and made a dive he heard the air ringing with "Lubber last! Lubber last!" and slowly realized that it was meant for him.

He tried manfully two or three other days, but it was always the same way. His muscles were flabby from the dooryard discipline, and he could not pick up in a few weeks what the others had acquired through joyous years of summer vagabondage.

He took it quietly and good naturedly, but it went deep.

His mother found out the custom shortly and forbade him to go near the water.

As for De Peyster himself, the numbness of despair settled upon him. Now he could never learn to redeem himself, to have some day perhaps the ineffable joy of being the first in, ahead of Jimmy Spratt, ahead of Micky Daly, ahead of everybody. His career was ended before it had begun.

"But I got to not let her worry," was the rueful conclusion he always reached. And then he breathed hard and winked fast.

Jimmy was his constant friend and brought him alleviating messages from time to time, such as that "the other fellows all say he has lots of sand and kin do as well as the next feller if he has half a chance."

When even these encouraging remarks ceased to comfort, he gave him his own horned toad as a last desperate resort. The effect was wonderfully efficacious, but transitory.

"I'd oughter been a girl," said De Peyster many times to himself, "but I wish she didn't want to make believe

I am one when I ain't."

This was nearest to a reproach that he allowed his little heart to entertain, but a baffled, unchildlike look grew in his eyes as he watched his mates go off without him day after day.

In July a light epidemic of scarlet fever prevailed. The oldest inhabitants called it "walking scarlatina," the illness was so slight.

Mrs. Van Voort kept De Peyster in the house.

One day De Peyster caught it.

He regarded it rather in the nature of a festive occurrence than otherwise, for all the boys who had had it came up to see him, and, although they were not allowed to stand long, it cheered him amazingly to hear what they were doing, for he had constantly the hope that these new delights they told of one after another would not be on the forbidden list when he was out again.

But after awhile he did not seem to care whether they came or not and one day when told that Micky Daly waited below said languidly: "I guess I don't care about seeing him just now. I'm sorter tired, but tell him I'll be bully to have him come tomorrow."

But when tomorrow came no one was admitted, for he was tossing about in a weakening struggle with something he did not understand that those who watched by him realized only too well.

He heard a voice as if from very far away.

"You'd better tell him, doctor," it said. "I can't stand it to see him fight for his life like a little Trojan when it isn't any use."

The voice broke and then went on: "He's a brave little chap, brave enough to face anything, and it isn't treating him square not to let him say goodbye."

De Peyster opened his eyes. The doctor was standing over him.

"You don't have to tell me," said De Peyster, as he dimly saw that the doctor's lips were quivering. "I—I guess—I know."

He felt for his mother's hand.

"I'd like to hear you sing just once first, mamee," he said.

"There's a bully song one of the fellows taught me, 'One Wide River.' I've liked it specially much since—since it worried you to have me go in swimming."

His mother sobbed out a few lines, faltered and stopped.

A look of patient disappointment came over his face.

"Never mind, mamee; you needn't," he gasped. "I'm going to see it, you know, so it don't matter. Won't the cool water feel good, though? And don't you worry, mamee. Who's afraid? Father'll find me!"

He lay quite still a moment; then he whispered:

"I would 'a' liked to try one more run with the fellows—Micky Daly was most always ahead. He's a peach sprinter. You tell him and Jimmy and the other fellows about—about me and the wide river. Tell 'em this time I—I ain't lubber last!"

And he slipped away to find that unknown river, the bravest of little pioneers.

Trouble in the Royal Palace.

The Shakespeare club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting had only four words to say.

"The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said in a very high pitched voice, "The swoon has queened."

There was a roar of laughter, but he waited patiently and made another attempt:

"The swoon has queened." Again the walls trembled, and the stage manager said in a voice which could be heard all over the house. "Come off, you doggone fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto as he was assisted from the stage he screamed, "The coon has swooned!"—Success Magazine.

THE CAMERA.

Some of the Wonderful Things of Which It is Capable.

The camera, which divides time into thousandths of a second and records the impressions of each, makes permanent pictures of events which pass too quickly for the dull human retina to recognize. It is only through the camera that the motions of the wings of flying birds and of the legs of swift running animals have been analyzed.

To the camera the fuzzy drivers of the swiftly speeding locomotives stand out clear cut and stationary, while each flying drop of rain in the driven storm is distinct and seems frozen in its place. The tarpon fisherman, familiar with the first wild leap of the frenzied fish as it casts hook and bait fifty feet in the air, sees first in the finished picture the outstretched gill, the convulsive opening and closing of which had escaped his eye, however closely he may have looked for it.

Often the eye of the camera will decipher documents of which the writing had been substantially obliterated by age, and I have successfully copied with the camera the utterly faded photograph of a classmate of forty years previous and thereby been enabled to present to a grizzled veteran, a likeness of his curly haired youth. Changes in the pigment of the skin, unobscurable by the eye appear with distinctness on the sensitive plate, and it is said that ample warning of approaching disease has been thereby given.

By means of the invisible rays lying beyond the violet of the spectrum objects may be photographed in the darkness and, with the aid of the so called X rays, through substances otherwise opaque. When from the darkness of night and storm the forked lightning flashes, the camera makes a vivid and permanent picture of each fiery trail. Creatures that travel by night can be "caught" in the brief blaze of a magnesium charged pistol, the flash of which is of too short duration for the creature to move or the dull human eye to recognize the subject—A. W. Dimock in Van Norden's.

Advertise in the Farmer.

FAIRFIELD

A good deal of satisfaction was expressed in town yesterday when the result of the examination of the two men who stole Mr. John N. Jackson's chickens, a week ago, was made public. It is felt that if a severe example is made of these chicken thieves, the business will not be carried on so extensively. After the examination the men were handcuffed and taken to jail. Jacob Sherer, the principal thief, told his story in the court room and pleaded guilty. He said he and the man, Thomas Rushmeyer, had been drinking both beer and whiskey the night of the raid on Jackson's coops. They started out about eleven o'clock with a horse and wagon, and left the team behind the near by school house. Then, taking bags, they stuffed the chickens into them, and drove home getting there about daybreak. Sherer admitted taking the bags of feed, although he was not so charged in the indictment. A young lawyer was present to defend Rushmeyer, and fought off damaging evidence on technicalities as long as they proved serviceable, but without avail, since it was proved by the testimony of Capt. Arnold and Detective Fox that the men had admitted his guilt. The result is what was to be expected. Both are in jail awaiting trial in Bridgeport. It is known that a day or two after the robbery the man Sherer was about town trying to negotiate for a cheap horse. A well known livery man was approached and said yesterday that it looked as if the thief was going into the business by wholesale with the intent of raiding the whole country. It is now hoped the stealing of chickens will soon be a lost art in Fairfield.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hosmer, of New York, closed their cottage, "Driftwood," at the beach on Monday and returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Pike, of "Ashland" cottage, returned to Summit, N. J., yesterday for the season.

One day last week Mr. Harry S. Glover went out shooting and came home empty handed. This is the first time he has been stumped in 28 years.

The Hargrove school reopens this week with a large attendance of young men who are preparing for college.

During the vacation the interior of the house has been handsomely decorated, and a Japanese chef has been engaged for the catering and cooking.

A little Polish girl living with her mother in the family of Henry Burr drank some carbolic acid yesterday which she found in the shed. Dr. Donaldson was called and soon had the little patient out of danger.

Mr. Charles Phelps, Jr., of New York, has recently bought a farm in town above Wilson's Mill, on the Blackrock turnpike. The deed is not yet recorded.

Selectman Fox and the rest of the board, has made arrangements to oil the new road completed a few weeks ago in the Stratfield district. The distance is not far from a mile and a half and the cost is estimated at \$450.

It is reported that there is something the matter with the clockwork device which was to regulate the electric plant recently installed by Mr. O. G. Jennings. To the surprise of the public, the lights burn all day along Benson's road to the castle on the hill, but go out at night. A mistake is said to have been made in setting the time on the device which regulates the matter, and instead of turning on the electricity in the evening it turns it off.

And what is worse there is a report that the device which was returned to New York. However, the presumption is he will soon be sent for to adjust the workings of the device.

Mrs. J. E. Wells has returned to Southport from New Milford. Sunday last Judge and Mrs. A. D. Penny had for guests Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cummings of Bridgeport.

Mrs. Harriet Hoyt has gone south for the winter.

Mrs. Phineas T. Ives of Meriden is the guest of Miss Josie Sherwood.

Miss Lizzie Nichols of New York is the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Hyde.

On Sunday the Rubber shop team played the Star Juniors, winning with a score of 12 to 8.

Mr. Harry Sherwood, of Mill Plain, who has been having a run of fever, was able to sit up on Sunday, and yesterday he took quite a long ride in the sunshine and fresh air.

Mrs. Hildu, an old and poor Hungarian woman, is dead at Greenfield Hill. She is above 70 years of age.

The steeple jack who repaired the spire of St. Paul's recently, is making preparations to regild the cross on the spire of St. Thomas' church.

BREAKS LOOSE AGAINST YALE

ALDERMAN LOOS DECLARES CAMPUS RULE EXCLUSION OF COLLECTORS AIDS REPUTATION OF \$250,000 DEBT.

The sensation of the session of the New Haven board of aldermen held last evening was the talk of Alderman Loos on the relations of Yale and New Haven. His talk was occasioned by the protest which merchants are making over the new rule to exclude collectors from the college buildings. He said he believed a great wrong existed in connection with this attitude which Yale has assumed towards the merchants of New Haven. He said that for two centuries New Haven has had the burden of the college and New Haven has done a great deal for the university. He thought the university should feel grateful to the city for what it had done for it and that there should be a spirit of appreciation shown for the past benefits received by assuming a better attitude towards the merchants of the city. The new rule, he went on, deprived the merchants of dealing with the students in many lines of goods and further than that he said if it was insisted on and continued it meant the repudiation of the university backing the students of an indebtedness of \$250,000 which he declared existed to-day.

In commenting he said that in the legislature he had opposed the state tax or at least had tried to have New Haven excepted because he said it had an elephant on its hands. But the system of representation prevented any results as men elected by 40 votes had as much to say about it as he and his colleagues and the system of representation in Connecticut which he said he did not believe the heart of Russia would stand for prevented any influence in the matter.

Fresh experiments are to be tried with a method of long distance submarine telephony, invented several years ago by a Columbia University professor which consists of the introduction of choking coils in the cable.

RICHMOND RANGES

STAND FOR THE BEST IN SERVICE AND ECONOMY

L. M. HOPKINS & CO., 972 Main St. Bridgeport.

"QUEEN OF THE COOKERS"



Hunting With Roosevelt in East Africa

Illustrated with 30 Exclusive Photographs by Warrington Dawson, a Member of the Roosevelt Expedition

Theodore Roosevelt was not accompanied into the hunting grounds of East Africa by the army of journalists and photographers who followed him to Mombasa. Several hardy news gatherers attempted to follow the party, but were firmly turned back. So that only one writer, Mr. Warrington Dawson, had the good fortune to go farther than Nairobi.

The only photographs of the Roosevelt expedition in the hunting grounds—with the exception of those taken by Kermit Roosevelt—are the photographs taken by Mr. Dawson. HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE has secured the exclusive right to publish these photographs. The first of them appear in

HAMPTON'S

THE BEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

NOVEMBER ON SALE NOW

These are the most interesting lot of pictures you have ever seen, and the article accompanying them will give you a keen sense of the thrills and the dangers that are now the daily life of Ex-President Roosevelt.

Among many other features that make November HAMPTON'S of immense immediate interest are:

The Pinchot-Ballinger Controversy and the facts that lie back of it are clearly explained by John L. Mathews in another of the notable series of articles on Water Power and the Conservation of other national resources.

Glenn H. Curtiss, just back from winning the first international aeroplane contest at Rheims, France, describes the new sport of flying—in a way that will make you want to literally "go up in the air."

Charles Edward Russell discloses more startling facts about prison conditions, showing the decline of the punishing idea.

Another Luther Trant Story in which the unique methods of this famous psychologist-detective combine with an unusual love story to make a tale of absorbing interest.

The Formation of the Giant Sugar Trust and how the Tariff made it possible is told in the second article of "The Story of Sugar," by Judson C. Welliver.

Also Entertaining Stories by such popular writers as O. Henry, Charles G. D. Roberts, Edgar Jepson, Reginald Wright Kaufman and others.

Buy it today—any live newsdealer—15 cents

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, New York